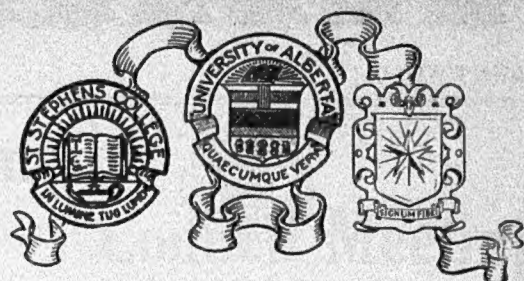




The Gateway



Merry Christmas

1932

VOL. XXIII, No. 11.

EIGHT PAGES

SENIORS BEAT CRESCENTS 2-0

Greetings From The Union President

As the year 1932 draws to a close it seems fitting to pause for a few moments and take a retrospective view of the fading year.

Each individual has portrayed before him a different scene. Each individual reviews gone by experiences.

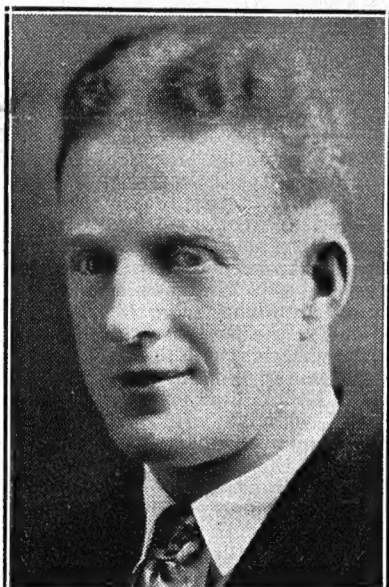
It is time to attempt balancing our achievements with our endeavors. When this is done, we can evaluate the extent to which we have grasped opportunities offered. To appreciate our position, and secure a real sense of life, we must look beyond our own community. The world at large portrays a view much different from what we have experienced. Each one of us has difficulties to overcome, but there is offered a chance of progression, if we best utilize the opportunity.

The approaching festive season brings varied thoughts to many; a family reunion, a recess from lectures, but to all and above all, a time for joy and happiness. The spirit of good will and peace reigns in every heart, and so over the whole earth comes a sense of security, a time for rejoicing.

To maintain this security and peace throughout the years is a problem of nations, but the duty of individuals.

The Students' Council wishes that the Christmas season be one of great happiness and hope to every member of the Union.

ARTHUR M. WILSON.



A Message From The University

We are living at present in difficult times, but the overcoming of difficulties has been man's chief task as he has fought his way up from that dim primitive world, whence ages ago he set forth on his long toilsome ascent towards light and liberty. It is true that as the social structure we have evolved has grown more and more intricate, the problems that arise become correspondingly complex. This is inevitable and in a sense is a tribute to man's historical accomplishment and his constantly expanding control over the natural forces which condition his existence.

Man now holds in his hands instruments of incredible power, and certainly one of the most serious responsibilities of the University at present is to ensure, so far as possible, that along with increase of knowledge there go in equal measure the proved ancient virtues of high integrity and an altruistic attitude towards life.

We are approaching the Christmas season. What gift can the University men and women offer to the community which enables them to secure that greatest of privileges—a superior education? An old phrase comes back to my mind: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." We must keep our minds open, wide open, but at the same time we must be willing to hold on to what our knowledge of the past convinces us has stood the acid test of time. Many of the nostrums offered to the public today as cure-alls for the ills of society have been tried before and found wanting. What we can be sure of is that an example on our part of a rigid sense of honor, of clear thinking, of hard work and of broad sympathy with our fellows will be a gift not made in vain and not unappreciated beyond our gates.

And now may I wish all the members of the University a very happy Christmas and New Year.

W. A. R. KERR.



Munn and McConnell Score Goals to Beat Overtowners

STARTLING REVERSAL OF FORM GIVES VARSITY SHUT-OUT VICTORY OVER CRESCENTS—BACK-CHECKING DEMORALIZES OPPONENTS—MAYBANK GIVES SCINTILLATING PERFORMANCE IN GOAL

Led by Moose McConnell and Guy Kinnear, the Seniors kicked the dope bucket for the Senior League to a spot somewhere in the bushes behind the Arena last night, and hung a 2-0 whitewashing on Walter Hunter's Crescents in their second meeting with the over-town team this season.

A brilliant second period assault that resulted in two goals from the expertly handled sticks of Jimmy Munn, recruit defenceman, and Moose McConnell, left winger put the Varsity in the driver's seat for the first time this season. From that time on a stubborn defence that refused to leave any opening for frantic Crescent forwards and persistent back-checking that kept the Crescents from organizing anything that even looked like a dangerous rush kept that two-goal lead as safe as the Bank of England.

With the exception of Harry Walker, first string center man, the overtown team had none who could skate with the Seniors last night.

And it was no sissy affair either. There was plenty of laying on of hands, body and hickory all through the fracas, and both teams took their share of the bumps. At one time in the last period young Don McTavish described at least three vertical loops after coming in rude contact with the 175 pounds of beef known as Al Hall.

The game opened slowly. The Crescents were suffering from a slight attack of over-confidence, and the Varsity were cautious on the big

Arena ice. Dangerous rushes by McTavish and Walker were in on Maybank a couple of times, but the latest addition to the Senior lineup was quite capable of handling anything the Crescents had to offer, and took all shots in a way that was beautiful to behold.

With the opening of the second period the boys started to turn on the heat. Both teams were in on the goal repeatedly, and both McNab and Maybank were called on to make saves of the hair-raising variety. It was not until midway through the period, however, that Munn was able to elick.

Going up on a rush with Boles he passed to the latter at center ice and took it back in the goal mouth to slap home the first goal of the game. This did nothing to discourage the Crescents, who came back after the equalizer with plenty of fire. Their anxiety to score, however, left plenty of openings, and McNab was tested

plenty in goal. Three minutes after Munn's effort, Kinnear hook-checked McTavish at center and broke with McConnell. Hitting the center of the defence, Guy drew both Robertson and Brown, and slipped a perfect pass over to Moose, who went right in, pulled McNab out of the nets and deposited the rubber for the second and last goal of the game.

The Crescents went all out in the third period, and midway through the session started to send four or five-man rushes up in desperate efforts to tie the score. Back-checking of the most persistent type kept them from organizing anything dangerous, and a very superior sort of defence play kept them away from the goal for the most part. On the two or three occasions that they broke through Maybank robbed them without any trouble.

With about three minutes to go in the final period, Kinnear grabbed the puck at the blue line after a five-man rush by Crescents, and raced the length of the ice alone with only McNab to beat. After drawing that worthy out of his goal he dropped the puck from the end of his stick and lost a golden chance to fatten his scoring average for the season.

Throughout the game the Varsity showed a vastly improved team over their three previous appearance. All the boys were skating faster both ways, and they showed a commendable willingness to step into attacking forwards with plenty of vim.

On defence Munn showed plenty of improvement over his previous performances, and with a couple more

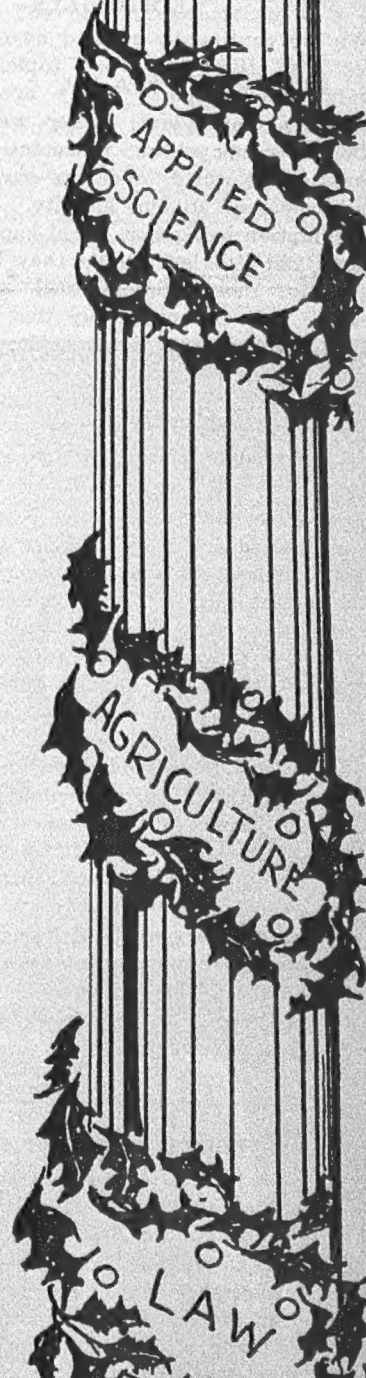
games under his belt will be as hard to get around as any rearguard man (Continued on Page 8)

THE PUNCH



GUY KINNEAR

Who played his usual role of spearhead on the forward line, and figured largely in last night's win over the Crescents.





THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper Published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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THE SEASON'S GREETINGS FROM THE GATEWAY

Again Christmas approaches. And with this merriest of all seasons come an atmosphere of cheer and gladness. May it be yours to have and hold a very full share, by liberally extending the joyfulness that is yours to all of those around you. For of happiness the apparent paradox is true: in giving you receive more than full return.

We hope that the opportunities so liberally presented this year for the testing of this truism will be seized. In this way will be realized the full meaning of those words sung on that great occasion almost two thousand years ago: "Glory be to God in the Highest, on Earth Peace, Goodwill toward Men." In fulfilling this commandment the greatest happiness for all will be found, and if this is so, what matters all else?

This year more than ever, in all probability, the true spirit of Christmas will be kept. Everyone is quite frankly admitting the folly of the expensive uselessness in the exchange of Christmas presents. Perhaps people will realize that it is the good wishes of the friend, not the price tag of the gift, that really matters.

And so to all of you, we wish not only a very Merry Christmas, but also a Happy New Year and great joy in all the years to come.

EDITORIALS

We are continually regaled by our more intimate critics with that time-worn topic, editorials in a University newspaper. There are apparently two courses we may adopt; either we are allowed to develop a cosmopolitan viewpoint and discuss the business of the world, or devote our interests entirely to the sphere of student activity. In the first case, the assumption being that world happenings are of no concern, and still less should they be objects of discussion, for those who are still in comparative infancy; to this we may reply that the world shows us little courtesy or the consideration due to immaturity, when we are suddenly confronted with the task of making our living, and that if present world conditions, whether economic or social, are the result of mature wisdom, then it is time youth was given a chance.

In the second case, our scope which is at present limited by those failings so evident in the mentally adolescent, is even more restricted; eulogies on the better part or more successful side of our University life are rather absurd, since they are patently the things people are aware of, while to continually criticize is equally futile and draws the inevitable jibe that the students pay two dollars a year for their paper and feel that some consideration should be given their tender sensibilities. We should have thought this a very excellent time to turn our thoughts to things outside our own little universe, and try to grasp the significance of some of the gigantic problems which are facing a puzzled world, the results of which are even now having a vital effect upon our very mode of living. Fundamentally, an editorial writer must express his own opinions, not the convictions of his readers; if you disagree with the writer, there is an obvious remedy, tell him. He will probably survive the shock.

—C. J. J.

INTERESTING DEBT FACTS

Some very interesting facts regarding international debts have come to light in the last week. As everyone knows, the United States has refused to allow Great Britain to postpone her war debt payment that is due on December 15. They have taken a rather firm stand on the question, much firmer than the one Britain has taken, as she has tended to the policy of "forgive your debtors and pay your creditors." Facts that were brought before the House of Lords have thrown a rather bad light on the situation in so far as the United States' stand is concerned. It appears that eight states of the Union repudiated a \$77,000,000 debt to Great Britain away back in the 1830's or thereabouts. Computed at simple interest this debt would now amount to over \$200,000,000. A compound interest rate, if applied, would raise their debt to \$1,000,000,000.

One would think that these facts would cause the United States to think again about their decision to demand the \$95,000,000 war debt instalment from Great Britain. Their action should certainly lower their opinion of themselves in having taken the said action. Our opinion of them has dropped. Or is it that our faint hopes have been blasted? The situation has at least served to emphasize the sporting spirit of the British people, as evidenced in the field of international politics as well as the field of sport.

—F. J. E.

Logic

Say, does Fact or Reason err,
And if they both err, which the more?
The man of smallest calibre
Is sure to be the greatest bore.
(Probably Arnold)



History Lecturer—Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Frank Blue (making for the door)—At the bottom, sir.

Pitfield—What in the world has happened to your watch? The one you used to have had a beautiful gold case.

Proctor—Yes, I know, but circumstances alter cases.

Whenever in America

A girl is asked to wed,
She straightway says, "Go ask papa,"
And coyly droops her head.

And over in the Fatherland,

Where flows the terraced Rhine,
She whispers, while he clasps her hand,
"Ich liebe dich allein."

But up in Russia, where the snow

Sweeps hissing thro' the firs,
She simply murmurs soft and low,
"Bhjuuskst zwmstk rstk pbjunsj pjbrs."

Professor—What is the penalty for bigamy?

Peter Rule—Two mothers-in-law.

Mother (aside)—Margaret, your collar looks tight.

Margaret—Oh, but Mother, he isn't!

The Widow's Mite

She was a widow stern and spry,
And brimming with lots of fight;
She married a little man five feet high,
And he died from the widow's might.

Paradox

'Tis a curious fact, but a fact very old;
You can keep a fire hot by keeping it coaled.

Harry Prevey is coming along in the Philharmonic Society, but he is still wondering why, if "f" means forte, doesn't "ff" mean eighty.

Since he came home from Camp Borden a year ago, Walter Maybank is still asking why they put all the Generals in private offices and all the privates in the general office.

How Mortifyin'!

He seized her in the dark and kissed her,
And for the moment bliss was his;
"Oh, my! I thought it was my sister!"
He cried. She laughed and said, "It is."

Wally Smith—Why do they call our language the Mother Tongue.

Bill Wheatley—Because father never gets a chance to use it.

McIntosh—Can you imagine anything worse than having scarlet fever and diphtheria at the same time?

Arnold—Sure. Having rheumatism and St. Vitus Dance together.

Larry Davis—Bert Cairns is a fine chap; he takes things as they come.

Ed McCormick—Yes, he took my rubbers yesterday.

On consulting The Gateway's famous literary staff on the subject, we were told that there is no such word as "gotten"—except, of course, in such phrases as "Mine Gotten Himmel!"

Hard to Beat

Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so neat,
Methought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand into my soul
Could greater solace bring,
Than that I held last night, which was
Four aces and a king.

Heart at the Prom

Junior (probably Arnold)—You certainly are a good dancer.

Partner—Thank you. I'm sorry I can't return the compliment.

Probably Arnold—You could, if you were as big a liar as I am.

We wish to make it known to the readers* of Casserole that Jim McIntosh has a brother, Jack McIntosh, at the University. Therefore, when we mention McIntosh, we do not necessarily mean McIntosh, but refer to either McIntosh or McIntosh. When we do not mention McIntosh, we probably mean Arnold.

*McIntosh and Arnold are the only two readers we know of.

The village of Southwark, England, has a rubber road. The story that a resident fell from an upper window, and bounced so long that he had to be shot down to save him from starving is, we feel sure, exaggerated.

Dictionary

JEWELER—A man who tries to persuade us that we are still living in the Stone Age; the ring leader in all this marriage business.

JOKE—A number of foolish and meaningless words or phrases mixed up together, apparently at random, and causing much merriment on the part of the originator; not to be confused with CAS-SEROLE, which causes nothing but pity, even on the part of the editor.

JUNCTION—A meeting of two or more railroads for the promotion of the smoke nuisance.



RE "THAT BUS AGAIN"

University of Alberta,
Dec. 10, 1932.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Madam,—What a pity! With so many controversial topics being mangled in your letter columns, here I have to burst into print to answer your innocent little editorial concerning the bus service. Suspecting that your complaint is less for the street railway system than against the ungallant male students who patronize that transportation company, I would like to ask you a question.

Sometimes I manage to get a seat on the bus (and I do not surrender it to any equally healthy, equally lazy co-ed), but from observation I would say that a good many men walk from 109th Street, and that comparatively few girls do the same. No doubt many of those that do have a gentleman in tow and are combining business with necessity. One morning I walked to Varsity and almost froze my knees! The next morning I performed the same and therefore masculine act of donning "longs." How about the co-eds doing the same? But that's not the question I was going to ask. In view of the projected debate topic for the next open forum, how can you reconcile your appeal for special discriminating privileges for co-eds with the equality of status women are supposed to have achieved in this wonderful modern age?

A suggestion: Couldn't we keep personal attacks and provocative back-biting out of the correspondence columns? This section can be interesting, amusing and informative if we so desire. I don't think it should serve as a vehicle for two-man disputes at all.

Sincerely,
EARLE G. McDONALD.

MORE RE "THAT BUS AGAIN"
Dec. 10, 1932.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Madam,—It was with great surprise that we read the editorial in last week's issue entitled "That Bus Again." We believed the worthy and competent editor to be capable of writing editorials with more foundation and facts.

From the tone of this it would appear that our editor is one of those members of the weaker sex who desires equal privileges with men and at the same time the privileges of the Elizabethan lady. We disagree very much regarding the suggestion of the bus being packed with humanity. This remark, in our opinion, was very much uncalled for, and we are quite certain that it was not based upon facts, as we believe from personal experience that the "humanity" wait in two lines outside the bus doors while the sweet ladies pass in to occupy the seats on the bus. After the ladies enter, if possible, the men occupy the remainder of the aisle, the step and the rear bumper. The remaining men, which happens to be plenty, walk and enjoy themselves. The men happen to be at present wondering if there are cushions in the bus, but the general impression is that there must be, as the demand is so great by the ladies.

After all, Madam Editor, why should the men not ride? The cold is no colder to the ladies than to the men, except, of course, the men show a little more common-sense in the choice of hosiery. If the ladies insist on these uncalled for preferences, we might suggest that they either cast away their idea of equal rights or follow the advice of Milton, "He for God only, she for God in him."

Sincerely,
WALKING HUMANITY.

AND STILL MORE

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Madam,—I am both surprised and disappointed that an editorial of the type "That Bus Again" should appear in the editorial columns of The Gateway. Undoubtedly something might well be done to remedy the chronic state of congestion which prevails in the bus at certain times of the day, but I can see no reason for blaming the trouble on the men. Your editorial is strangely reminiscent in tone of the many articles written by "modern" women whose tender sensibilities have been wounded by the ungallant attitude shown of late by the male sex. I deplore to a certain extent the passing of the politeness of past days, but at the same time I can see no logical reason for any particular preferential treatment of women when they themselves have demanded and in many cases obtained status as far as possible equal with men. The advantages of equality of status carry their disabilities with them, and there is absolutely no logical reason why the women who are competing with men in almost every walk of life, taking jobs and positions formerly held by men, should be given privileges by the very men whom they are displacing. One of the fundamental injustices of the modern age is the spectacle of the "business woman" asking, and in many cases getting, from the men with whom she is competing for a livelihood the ancient privileges accorded to women when they occupied a totally different sphere of life.

As to our own University bus, while I am not prepared to vouch for the facts, I rather suspect that the facts are that the men line up and wait for the co-eds to get the choice seats in the bus, then scramble themselves for whatever places are left. As to the men who manage to obtain places, we suspect that they arrived at the corner of 88th Ave. by an earlier car, and obtained a cer-

(Continued on Page 8)



Students' Executive Resigns En Masse At Ontario College

For the first time in the history of the Ontario Agricultural College, the Students' Council resigned in a body as a protest against the principal's action in fining the third and fourth years for "hi-jacking" cocoa and cake for a freshman social.

The entire student body, with the exception of the freshmen, is in a revolt against the principal's action. A banquet for the freshmen, given to compensate for the social nipped in the bud by the "hi-jacking" episode, was later given.

A discipline committee, composed of the heads of the various faculties, is in charge at the college, following the resignation of the Students' Council.—McGill Daily.

CAMPUS ETIQUETTE

The subject of culture is one in which every college student is interested, for to be truly cultured is to be truly educated.

Are we as college students gaining that true culture which will mark us as Christian gentlemen and gentlewomen?

It is helpful for each one to check himself occasionally on the points of true culture. One of our own students of Walla Walla College keeps the following scale before her each day by which to check her daily culture attainments. How do you measure up to the scale?

C—Carefulness.
Am I careful of my own personal appearance, of the rights of others, of the use of my time, and of my daily blessings from heaven?

U—Usefulness.
Am I of some use to someone each day if only in a small way? Do I put something into my life each day which will make me a more useful

citizen of the dormitory, the College, and my own future life?

L—Love.

Is my heart "pressed down and running over" with love toward God and my fellow men?

T—Thoughtfulness.

Am I considerate of others' feelings, wishes, desires and happiness? Do I remember the little courtesies?

U—Unselfish.

Do I put others first? Do I try each day to forget myself and enter into the spirit of the group?

R—Respect.

Have I respect for those in authority? Do I "fail in" with school rules because they are best for the group? Do I honor my father and mother even though they be a bit "behind" my modern ideas?

E—Energy.

Have I energy to do the right? Have I energy to live each day with zest and enjoyment? Have I energy to overcome disappointments and keep going?

Check yourself. How do you stand?—The Collegian.

DEPRESSION NOT WITHOUT MERITS

Seattle, Wash. — The depression knocked George Baum out of his senior year in the University law school but it landed him a seat as prospective head of a college.

Stranded in Juneau, Alaska, because the northerners would not buy enough of the magazines he was selling to send him back to Seattle, Baum this summer "turned turtle" on the Alaskans and decided he would not go to them for his pin money, but let them come to him for a college education. He is now completing the preliminary organization of a Juneau Business college which he expects to open soon, according to letters to his Seattle friends.

Baum, who was a second year Washington law man last year and who is at present preparing for the Alaska bar examination, will himself be one of the instructors in the projected business school.

Meanwhile the student "would be" professor is operating a credit bureau and collecting agency in Juneau until his college is ready to open its doors.—McGill Daily.

SAVE THE POKER HANDS

Simple..

when you know how

We know you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear... so we start with the choicest Golden Virginia tobacco money can buy. That's why you get that smoothness, mildness and fragrance in Turrets... the most popular cigarettes in Canada.

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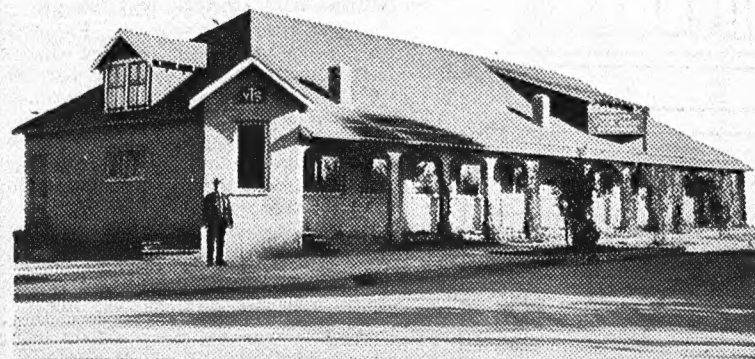
Turret

CIGARETTES

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THE BEST Varsity Tuck Shop

IN CANADA



THE Rainbow Room

IS FREE FOR STUDENT FUNCTIONS

N.F.C.U.S Announce Usual Exchange Scholarships

AWARDS TO ALL ROUND STUDENTS PERMIT ONE YEAR ATTENDANCE AT ANOTHER UNIVERSITY—PROVES VALUABLE PLAN TO UNITE INTERESTS OF WIDESPREAD STUDENT BODIES

With the announcement of the Exchange Scholarships for 1933-34, a limited number of students at the University of Alberta have the opportunity of obtaining a year's scholarship at some other Canadian university. These scholarships, which are sponsored by the National Federation of Canadian University Students, enable students to study at an "exchange" university for one year without paying tuition fees or Students' Union fees. The N.F.C.U.S. representative on this campus is Mr. Art Wilson, and prospective applicants can obtain full details from him.

The Exchange of Undergraduates Plan was initiated about five years ago by the executive of the N. F. C. U. S. and came into operation four years ago after the presidents, registrars and financial authorities of the Canadian universities had given their consent. Under the plan the universities are divided into four groups—the University of British Columbia, the universities of the Prairie Provinces, the universities of Ontario and Quebec, and the universities of the

Maritimes. Scholarships may be awarded only where a student of one university wishes to obtain a scholarship at a university in a different "division." This is subject to one exception—Ontario students may apply for scholarships to French-Canadian universities in Quebec for the purpose of taking special studies in the French language and vice versa. Any student, male or female, may apply if he is, at the time of his application, in the second year of his course, or, in the case of five year courses, in the second or third year. It is a condition of each appointment that the Exchange Scholar must return at the conclusion of his scholarship year to complete his course at his "home" university. Consequently a Sophomore taking the usual four-year Arts course may be awarded a scholarship for his third year; in the case of five-year courses the scholarship may be awarded either for the third or fourth year.

An Exchange Scholar is expected to be a representative student of his "home" university in every way. It is not necessary that he should have a first-class academic standing, but he must be a competent student who will be able to enter freely into the life of the "exchange" university without fear of class-room consequences.

About fifty students have received Exchange Scholarships during the past four years. This year a total of seven are enjoying the privileges of the Exchange Plan—two at McGill, two at Dalhousie, two at Alberta, and one at Toronto. In most cases the saving in tuition fees more than balances the transportation costs involved. Applications must be handed in to the N.F.C.U.S. representative before March 1st, 1933.

At the meeting of the officers of the National Federation of Canadian University Students held recently in Montreal, Percy G. Davies, M.P., Secretary of the Federation, presented a report on the Exchange of Undergraduates Plan. Mr. Davies reported in particular on the discussion of the Exchange Scholarships which took place at the last session of the National Conference of Canadian Universities. This Conference is composed of the presidents and registrars of the Canadian universities, and the N.F.C.U.S. Secretary was invited to be present when the Exchange Plan was discussed.

Several university heads expressed their opinions regarding the scheme and were, without exception, pleased with the way in which it has worked.

President R. C. Wallace, of the University of Alberta, thought the plan had worked well. "The important thing seems to me to be," said Dr. Wallace, "that students of ability be sent out as ambassadors, who will not be bound down to their studies, because they find their studies difficult to keep up with, as to be unable to mingle in the student life. They ought to be able to bring back to their university both sides of the university they have visited. . . . I think we all agree that the scheme is a statesmanlike one and we ought to remember to the credit of our Canadian undergraduates that they initiated it by themselves."

President Murray, of the University of Saskatchewan, in whose opinion Principal Wallace, of University College (Toronto), concurred, thought that there were two excellent reasons for supporting the scheme. The first reason is educational. "There is a great tendency for our students to become too restricted in their outlook," Dr. Murray said. The other reason is a national one. "I foresee great danger of estrangement between the East and West in the years to come, and every movement that brings the people of the East and West together is of great national value."

An Exchange Scholarship permits the holder to study for one year at a Canadian university other than his "home" university without paying tuition fees. Full details may be obtained from the local N.F.C.U.S. representative, Mr. Art Wilson.

WILLIAMS TALKS ON RAY OSCILLOGRAPH

Electrical Club Hears Highly Technical Lecture

The last meeting of the Electrical Club before Christmas was held on Friday, Dec. 9th, in Room E104.

The speaker for the day was Mr. David Williams, of the fourth year class. Mr. Williams gave an extremely interesting, although highly technical, address on the subject of "The Cathode Ray Oscillograph."

Some of the earlier types of cathode ray tubes were first described, and their applications. From these early experiments the cathode ray tube, as used in the oscillograph, was developed.

In this modern tube, the speaker explained, the indicator is a beam of electrons which traces an illuminated path on the fluorescent screen in the end of the tube.

Mr. Williams described, in some detail, the construction of the tube, the velocity of the particles and the deflections on the screen. He used many diagrams and illustrations in his explanations.

Many practical applications of the cathode ray oscillograph were mentioned. These included such uses as the study of mysterious loops, leakage through insulation, percentage modulation in a radio transmitter, and comparison of frequencies.

At the end of his talk, the speaker gave a demonstration of the use of such an oscillograph.

It was agreed by all that this address was among the most interesting presented to the club this year.

SPECTACULAR BLAZE AT ST. JOSEPH'S

Large Damage Suffered When Garage Guttered Monday

Late Monday afternoon all students in residence were aroused by great billows of smoke which issued from the back of St. Joseph's College. A large crowd soon assembled and witnessed one of the most stirring scenes yet staged on this campus. The crowd was divided into three groups. One was employed in shoving the trucks of the efficient Edmonton fire department from the ditches where over-zealous drivers had rammed them; the second amused itself by putting out the fire, and the third looked on and wondered how it started, what was burning, and where the firemen were.

As a matter of fact, the fire was not nearly as exciting as it could have been. An Essex sedan, the property of Father Rogation, developed a short-circuit, which a short time made short work of the car. Some students, acting courageously in grey felt hats and dark blue overcoats, soon had the fire under control. Besides the ruined car, the only other damage done was a badly burned roof, two completely ruined doors and three badly broken windows. Smoke also got in the ventilation system and invaded the library, giving its occupants an excellent excuse to lay off the books for a while. It is hoped that the members of the Edmonton fire department will profit by the lesson taught them by the students in fire-fighting and truck-pushing.

Popular Young Varsity Student Shot in Athabasca Residence

ERNIE WILLIS SHOT IN FRACAS BY JACK LEWIS WHEN TEMPORARILY DERANGED

Chaos reigned supreme after supper last Tuesday on the second floor of Athabasca Hall, at the scene of the spectacular shooting of Ernie Willis by a temporarily deranged student, J. Lewis.

Johnnie Lewis had incurred the displeasure of the students at one of the tables by the theft of a plate of cake and the deliberate dumping of a shaker of salt in the custard bowl. His comrades vowed vengeance, and after supper a number went to the pilferer's room, bent upon retribution. Soon almost two hundred milling

students jammed the hall outside this door, only to find it locked. At first the culprit offered to come out and surrender for his tubbing; but later, apparently cowed by the strength of the opposing forces, he retracted his promise. A hurried consultation was held among the invaders, and it was decided to force an entry. Lawrence Kelly, with the air of a past master in the gentle art, resolutely put his shoulder to the door.

At this psychological moment the occupant of the room across the hall, Ernie Willis, came forth with a pass key. Kelly retired from action, and Ernie bent down and inserted the key. As the door swung open, the students opposite obtained a glimpse of Jack Lewis, his back to the window and a rifle in his hands. Before anyone could speak, a shot rang out and Willis crumpled to the floor, bleeding profusely from his chest, and coughing and spitting blood. Lewis stood with the still smoking gun in his hands—a stunned look in his eyes as he realized what he had done.

Pandemonium immediately broke loose. "Take him to the Med Corridor!" "Phone a doctor! Call the police!" "Get the nurse!" were heard on all sides, as everyone rushed frantically up and down the hall. A few of the more level-headed students ran to the telephone in the Med Corridor to summon assistance, while dozens of other frightened Freshies—yes, and Sophomores too—slunk furtively away. Meanwhile Willis, in a state of collapse, had been assisted to the bath-room, leaving a pool of blood on the spot where he had first fallen.

Scores of persons still jammed the corridor, speaking in awed and hushed whispers, waiting for the doctor, when the door was thrown open and Lewis and Willis emerged laughing. It appears that Lawrence Kelly helped to carry the wounded Willis into the bathroom, and putting his hand on his shoulder, tried vainly to cheer him up while waiting for the doctor. Just then he noticed that while Willis' hand was literally covered with blood there was yet no mark or wound to the greenest Freshie in the crowd.

A BAD DREAM

Dreams. I wonder what they are made of. They are, most certainly, queer things. The dictionary says a dream is a series of thoughts not under the control of reason. But what is reason? What makes a seeming reality out of vague misty forms? Is there no meaning, no world behind it all?

I had what you might call a bad dream, although I sometimes wonder about it myself. I will admit I ate a bit too much Welsh rarebit the night before. But you cannot convince me that my stomach caused what I saw and felt that night. I went to bed feeling quite comfortable after that marvellous dinner. But I assure you I did not go to sleep. You see, the first few nights in a strange place it really is hard to go to sleep.

As I said, I was not asleep, but I had never before seen a cat that could walk across the ceiling, defying all laws of gravity. Yet I saw one do it. I'm certain it was a cat because it cried. Then that monkey with the red-hot tail. It is not right for a monkey to have a red-hot tail. He dragged it across the carpet on to the chair, over the desk, and sat on the corner gibbering at me; and his tail smoked. It hung over the edge. A thin trail of fire came from it. The monkey looked at it and gibbered, trying to tell me how it happened.

There were things around me, about which I can render no distinct account—things material and spiritual—heaviness in the atmosphere—a sense of suffocation—anxiety—and above all that terrible state of existence which the nerves experience

(Continued on Page 8)

Brief Resume of Council Meeting

AGS TO SPONSOR UNDERGRADUATE—CONSIDERATION OF EXTENSION OF POINTS UNDER PRESENT AWARD SYSTEM

The application of the Agriculture Club to have the privilege of sponsoring the undergraduate dance was ratified by Council on Monday evening. Only one application was received, probably due to the fact that there had been talk recently of a "novelty" dance to be sponsored by the Union as a whole. However, this latter suggestion was not accepted, and the "Undergrad" is to take place before the end of February.

The discussion proper for the evening centered upon the consideration of applications for extension of points. According to the present "point system" certain official positions are accredited a stated number of points, and in selecting or appointing officials for these positions a Freshman may not be given an office or offices exceeding 30 points, a Sophomore 40, a Junior 50, and a Senior 60. At the present time some individuals are holding more than one executive position, which involves exceeding the allotted points. Council has the right to extend any individual's points if it sees fit. Among the first names on the list to be considered was that of Miss Margaret Moore, Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway. The discussion rapidly veered from the "point system" and centered upon the advisability of having the editor of The Gateway sit at Council in an executive capacity, as for example, in Miss Moore's case, secretary of women's athletics. It was felt that the freedom of speech and opinion that the editor should be allowed would be hampered if, as is the case, the editor were required to agree officially with decisions of the Council. When the point was made

clear, Miss Moore resigned from her seat on the Council as secretary of women's athletics. It is greatly to be regretted that attention was not drawn to this point before, as Miss Moore has given so much of her time and energy to filling successfully the office to date, and it is probable that, resigning in the middle of the term like this, she will not be given the full share of credit due her for the work she has so enthusiastically performed.

However, it was felt that too much was at stake to risk overlooking the principle of the thing, and the resignation was accepted with regret.

The applications of Pat Garrow, R. L. Fenerty, Mary Cogswell and Hugh Arnold were accepted. These presented merely a straight case of conflict with the point system, and since all capacities are being satisfactorily filled, the Council exercised its prerogative and ratified the extension in each case. Only one case of an application for extension of points was tabled.

A committee composed of Harry Prevey, Neil Stewart, Mary Cogswell and Frances Fisher was appointed to draw up a report on the point system, to be presented early in the year.

A letter was read from the Ski Club applying for recognition by the Council, and official affiliation with the Athletic Club, but after rejecting a motion to table the question for three months, Council decided that affiliation should be made upon the acceptance first of the Ski Club by the men's and women's executives.

A similar application from the Political Science Club was accepted, as this club has had an active membership for a year, and it is generally felt that it is filling a need in the lives of the students. It has a membership of between 50-75, and Council felt warranted granting a subsidy of \$15 per year.

Odds and ends of other business attended to include the passing of a motion to give away obsolete athletic equipment. Frank Page was ratified as manager of senior hockey, and Al Hall as coach of senior hockey.

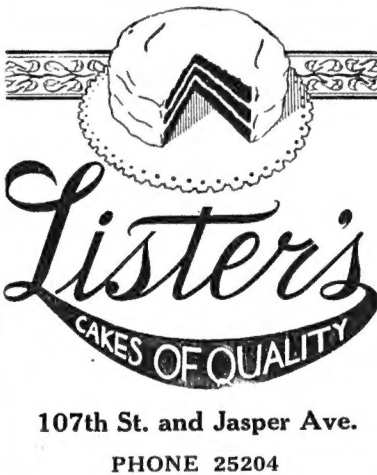
The meeting adjourned at a late hour.

AN APPRECIATION

On behalf of the Students' Council we wish to express our appreciation to Miss Margaret Moore for the services she has rendered to Women's Athletics and to the Council during the past months.

ARTHUR M. WILSON,
President.

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McDERMID ENGRAVING

IMPERIALS SCRAPE OUT 3-2 WIN TUESDAY

Seniors Lose by Eyelash To Imperials on Tuesday

RALPH MAYBANK PLAYS WELL IN GOAL—MUNN AND HALL TEAM UP ON DEFENCE—ALMOST TIE SCORE IN DYING MINUTES OF GAME

A pass out from behind the net that struck a Varsity stick and glanced into the goal early in the first period of Tuesday night's hockey game, gave the Imperials a 3-2 decision over a persevering Varsity team.

The game hung in the balance until the last bell sounded the end of hostilities. Every member of the team from Maybank in goal out to the forward line was in there trying, and but for the aforementioned goal the decision might easily have been reversed.

Maybank, playing his first game in the Varsity net, turned in a stellar performance, picking off shots from Moher and Collingwood with the coolness of a veteran.

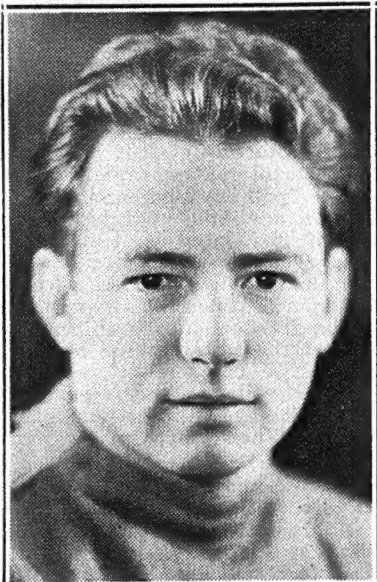
Al Hall played Al Hall's usual game on defense, and figured in the scoring summary as well. Jim Munn paired up well with him and dealt out some stiff body-checks. Boles showed up well as relief defence man.

Both forward lines played good games, but organized combination attacks were too few and far between to really give the team a chance. Burgess, McConnell and Guy Kinnear were all clicking, with the rest not far behind.

The Imperials were minus Horne and Grove. Their first string forward line of Moher and Collingwood and Roxburgh were going great guns, and accounted for all the Imperials' goals.

The game started out with a Varsity rush, and Guy got a shot on goal. The Imperials rushed and tested Maybank from the blue line. Gardiner shot over goal. Maybank

NEW GOALIE



RALPH MAYBANK

Freshman goaltender, who got his baptism of flying pucks on Tuesday, and turned in a whale of a game. Varsity supporters are due to see a lot of this young gentleman in the future.

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Crescents	3	2	1	4
Varsity	3	0	1	0

INTERFACULTY HOCKEY LEAGUE STANDING

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.	For	Agst.
Arts	5	5	0	0	10	8	5
Ags.	6	2	3	1	5	15	12
Engs.	6	2	3	1	5	9	6
Meds	5	1	4	0	2	5	16

SPORTING SLANTS

By Reg Moir

We are in the embarrassing position of doffing our chapeaux to all players on the senior hockey team because of the showing they put up on Tuesday against the Imperials.

The team as a whole had plenty of the old fight, and with the improved form shown by Munn and more dependable goal-tending of the variety turned in by Ralph Maybank, they may get somewhere in the league.

Incidentally, we thank the heavens that the above lines were typed in first draft before the illuminating letter from the pen of Harvey Fish saw the light of The Gateway office. Had the letter arrived first we might have refused to say anything nice about the senior team at all. Just to be nasty.

Owing to injuries the Boxing Club is unable to enter any men in the December tourney to be held in the Memorial Hall. Both Brodie and Hilliker, who were counted on to come through handsomely for the Green and Gold, are unable to compete, and Coach Gardner figures that the other boys working out with the mitts need a little more training before risking their handsome faces in mortal combat.

Anybody that thinks skiing is a sissy sort of affair should take a look at the casualty list of the last Ski Club outing. Four casualties—count 'em, four. Two personal and two to skis. Skiing turns out to be a real he-man sport.

And while on the subject of skiing, let it be known that the Ski Club will hold an outing on the first Tuesday of the Xmas holidays. Everybody that will be in town is invited to be present.

made a couple of hair-raising saves from Moher. Al Hall laid down a nice pass to Guy, who got two shots. An Imperial three-man rush started. Moher passed the puck out from behind the net, and it hit Boles' stick to glance in.

Burgess evened the score with a fine effort. Taking the puck at the Imperial blue line he shot from just outside the defence, and picked an upper corner of the net.

McConnell almost evened the score when he got right through on a solo effort, but he shot too hastily, and Cameron came out to deflect the puck.

The period ended when Maybank saved another hair-raiser from Moher.

At the beginning of the second period Al Hall was checked right at the goal mouth. Collingwood got a goal on a pass out from Moher. Maybank made a nice save from Roxburgh, and Al Hall was checked at centre ice.

The game opened up. Guy Kinnear and Jack McConnell went right through, but Cameron pulled a fast save. Maybank smothered a three-man rush at the other end. He came through with another save when he blocked two Imperials. Gardiner got a nice shot straight on. Maybank saved a shot and a rebound, but had hard luck in letting a puck in while he was sprawled on the ice.

Jack McConnell went right through but had his shot blocked at the goal mouth. Guy's shot was high.

The third period started with a

(Continued on Page 8)

SCIENCE LEADS "B" INTERFAC HOCKEY

McPherson and Dwarwin Star As Sci Wins 3-0

The Science "B" hockey team won its second game to retain its unbeaten record over Ag-Pharm-Com-Law. The Engineers were never short of fresh men, and could go at full speed all the way. What's wrong with the interest shown by the "B" fans in the league?

The game started with both teams trying hard to score, but with little success. On several occasions the Engineers managed to drill through the opposing defence, but each time were stopped by the goalie's brilliant efforts. The period ended scoreless.

The second period saw the Sci men putting on more steam to their offensive, but again the goalie was unbeatable till later in the period. The Aggies found difficulty in getting through the strong Sci defence, and were forced to shoot from the blue line. McPherson, fast skating blonde engineer, stick-handled through the opposing defense, and gave the Ag goalie no chance to save, just as the period ended.

In the last period the Ags were fighting hard for an equalizer, but made little headway with the Sci forwards back-checking all the way. Semenik and Polomark were outstanding for Ags in this period. To make certain of victory McPherson made it two goals for the evening. Before the end of the period Dwarwin was rewarded for his efforts when he scored as the opposing goalie came out to save.

The lineups:
Science: Mayer, Willis, Bulshin, McPherson, Dwarwin, Hegler, Corbett.

Ag-Pharm-Com-Law: Ure, Parson, Polomark, Cameron, Semenik, Roxburgh, Webster.

First period—No score.
Second period—Science 1, McPherson.

Third period—Science 2, McPherson; Science 3, Dwarwin.

INTERFACULTY SCORING STANDING

	G.	A.	Pts.
G. Thompson, Ags.	3	2	5
G. Semenik, Ags.	2	2	4
Dewis, Ags.	3	1	4
Borgal, Arts	3	1	4
P. Thompson, Ags.	2	1	3
Lewis, Engs.	3	0	3
Cruickshank, Arts	2	0	2
Shipley, Arts	1	1	2
Fraser, Arts	2	0	2
Polomark, Ags.	2	0	2
Canty, Ags.	2	0	2
Parks, Engs.	2	0	2
Givens, Meds	1	0	2
McElroy, Ags.	1	0	1
Rule, Engs.	1	0	1
West, Engs.	1	0	1
Miquelon, Engs.	0	1	1
Robertson, Engs.	1	0	1
Gardner, Engs.	1	0	1
McAdam, Meds	1	0	1
Robinson, Meds	1	0	1
Fortier, Meds	1	0	1
Cawker, Meds	1	0	1
McCurach, Meds	0	1	1

And as the woolens said to the silks as they went to the laundry, "Another little shrink won't do us any harm."—Argosy Weekly.

A Discussion of Rugby Situation

(By Whit Matthews)

The Men's Athletic Association of this University is at present faced with a number of difficult problems, not the least of which is the apparent evil day upon which rugby has fallen. Having taken a particular interest in the development of this sport, I have naturally given considerable thought to this matter and, when approached by a representative of

The Gateway, I am afraid the readiness with which I assented to contribute this article must have somewhat alarmed him. Too many of us, I am afraid, are inclined to judge success in a sport entirely on the basis of winning games and championships. Failure to win games may or may not be something to worry about, but when it becomes evident that no progress is being made where progress is plainly indicated, then we do have cause for grave concern.

Having been in continuous touch with football at the University of Alberta from the time of its re-introduction following the war, I have had ample opportunity to make a number of observations. Foremost among those now coming to mind is the almost complete lack of organization and continuity of management back of the sport. The rugby season is comparatively short, involves intensive training and frequently calls for the expenditure of large sums of money. Yet one often marvels at the relatively few times careful plans and advance preparations are made for it. To illustrate this point it might be pointed out that there have been games scheduled at the Varsity grid where there has been a last minute scurrying around to fetch benches for the players and tables for the sport writers, where the minor, but none the less important, officials have not been arranged for, and where more than once it has been necessary to delay the kick-off until a stop-watch could be obtained for timing the game. Such incidents are not likely to appeal to the spectators and, while I have no criticism of individual managers, my criticism is that up to the present the sport has been "under managed."

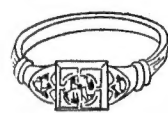
Another criticism which is heard quite frequently, especially from "overtown" people, is that Alberta has failed to provide the color for which the game is noted and which a University is so "well-fitted" to supply. It appears to me that this criticism is entirely justified. How often have our games been supplemented by entertaining side features, by a uniformed band, or much less by a few flags flying at the field? The answer to that one is easy. Why not try giving the spectators a real show for a change? This would help them to remember the occasion and would compensate many for missing the thrill of anticipating plays which their incomplete knowledge of the game prevents them doing. As for the cheering section, probably the less said the better. There is little use to attempt to extract yells and songs from a large number of students who are not so inclined.

Much better results would be obtained by having a small club with restricted membership presenting well rehearsed songs and cheers. This club might have its own band—there is plenty of material available—and I believe it would be good business for the Athletic Association to develop, and if necessary subsidize, such an organization.

There is no doubt that the difficulty of arranging suitable schedules is a point worthy of much consideration. This was one of the reasons for the formation several years ago of the Western Canadian Intercollegiate Rugby Union. This organization functioned fairly successfully for a number of years, and I have no doubt will do so again. The fact that the University does not open until about October 1st, coupled with the further fact that the Alberta Rugby Union is compelled to declare its champion not later than the last Saturday of this same month, has always been the stumbling block of our participation in the provincial schedule. I am afraid the Sports Editor had not given sufficient consideration to these points before dashing off his

(Continued on Page 8)

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Bennet Hustlers Defeat Varsity Girls Saturday

VARSITY LOSES 6-1 AFTER SECOND FRAME RALLY OF HUSTLERS—MOORE, COGSWELL, GIBSON AND CHRISTIE STAND OUT FOR VARSITY

The Varsity intermediate girls' hockey team lost their first game of the season last Saturday evening at the Varsity Rink, when the Bennett Hustlers defeated them by the rather one-sided score of 6-1. The score does not indicate the play, although the Hustlers did deserve their victory. The game was a fast one, both teams playing hard, fast hockey, and changing their players often. Phyllis McNeill, diminutive left winger of the Hustlers, was probably their stand-out player, scoring two goals on solo rushes. She was hard pressed for honors by Dot Fraser, husky defence player, who started the scoring for the opponents. Ruth Pfrimmer scored Varsity's lone goal by going in on a rebound from Miss Danyluk's pads.

First Period
The first period was productive of good hockey, with both teams battling hard for the first goal. Varsity came close to scoring on several occasions when Mary Cogswell and Mary Moore caused the Hustler goalie plenty of worry. Norma Christie, in the nets for Varsity, put up a splendid game, saving several sure-looking goals. The Hustlers opened the scoring half a minute before the end of the period, when Dot Fraser scored on a solo effort.

Scoring Spree
The second period was rather disastrous from the Varsity point of view. The Hustlers took advantage of a disorganized Varsity team and ran in five goals that gave Norma Christie no chance whatever. Phyllis McNeill started the scoring spree by getting two goals unassisted. Dot Fraser followed up soon with her second tally of the game. Lily Van Velzen and Minnie Ross then combined for a neat effort, Minnie scoring on a pass from her partner. Helen McKay finished the scoring for the period when she put the puck in the Varsity net after a lone rally.

Varsity fought hard during this canto, but their efforts were ineffective, due to little team play and a lack of body-checking on the defence.

Tide Turns
The Varsity squad were a different team when they took the ice in the third period. They buckled right down and outplayed the Hustlers from bell to bell. Systematic back-checking by the forwards and heavier checking by the defence was responsible for it. They got the one score of the period when Ruth Pfrimmer scored on a rebound. The Varsity second string forward line had a decided edge on their opponents. Nancy Evans stood out especially, rushing and back-checking tirelessly. Gwen Manning and Ruth Graham teamed up well with her to form an effective forward line.

May Gibson was a tower of strength on the Varsity defence, and was a great source of worry to the opposing forwards. She body-checks nicely and cleanly, and was very good on rushes. Mary McBain and Twig Horton, two forwards playing defence, were very good, but need a little coaching yet.

CO-ED SNIPER



MARY COGSWELL

Forward on the girls' puck squad. She played an outstanding game last Saturday, when the fraulians dropped their first game to the Hustlers.

cided edge on their opponents. Nancy Evans stood out especially, rushing and back-checking tirelessly. Gwen Manning and Ruth Graham teamed up well with her to form an effective forward line.

May Gibson was a tower of strength on the Varsity defence, and was a great source of worry to the opposing forwards. She body-checks nicely and cleanly, and was very good on rushes. Mary McBain and Twig Horton, two forwards playing defence, were very good, but need a little coaching yet.



By Cec Jackman

We are greatly indebted this week to Mr. A. W. Matthews, of the Department of Pharmacy, for an article on Varsity rugby problems.

Mr. Matthews (known to the sporting fraternity as Whit Matthews) is probably in a better position than anyone else to give an unbiased and frank discussion of our rugby situation.

One thing that we miss in Alberta is a general interest on the part of the faculty in University sports. Several members, it is true, do take a very real and active interest, but generally speaking, the academic standing rule is the only real connection between the faculty and University athletics. Admittedly, the students don't set much of an example, but University sports are worthy of more faculty interest than they have received in the past.

The hockey team made a very commendable showing against the Imperials. A continuation of that form and Varsity will be far from being an "also ran."

Maybank played a great game in goal, and was good enough to keep Stan Moher's scoring average down considerably lower than usual, despite the latter's valiant efforts to score.

Jim Munn played a good defensive game, and seemed to have also adapted himself to the fast company.

Varsity lacked a systematized attack, their combination being decidedly weak. The passing game could be considerably improved, and a little more finish at the goal mouth would be in order.

December 14, 1932.

Sports Editor, Gateway.

Dear Sir,—During the last day or two I have gathered from notices up that the winners of the incomplete interfac soccer and rugby schedules have been ascertained. A brief review of what happened in each case may help.

(1) Both schedules started very late, about a month after Varsity opened.

(2) Two games of the proposed soccer schedule were played. Meds tied Ag-Sci and lost to Arts. Ag-Sci and Arts did not play. The points acquired were Meds 0, Ag-Sci 1, Arts 2.

(3) Four games of the proposed rugby schedule were played. Sci played 3 games, Arts played 3 and Meds 2. The points amassed were Sci 4, Arts 1, Meds 3.

(4) Snow and cold held up the schedule indefinitely.

(5) And now, in order that two pages in the Year Book be filled, two coins were tossed, and winners declared.

(6) A general feeling of contempt and disdain among athletic circles that such a thing should come to pass.

Why not title those two pages in the Year Book, "Competing team for undecided Interfac Soccer (or Rugby) Honors?" This would mean the reproduction of three pictures, one of each team, on one page entailing perhaps a little additional cost, but this would be more than offset by the fairness shown and feeling which would be prevalent regarding interfac sports. Perhaps some other scheme may be devised which would be fair to all competitors, at least it should be thought about. I've tried, but will admit the whole thing has me.

PUZZLED.

University of Alberta,
Dec. 14, 1932.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Madam,—I feel that a word of explanation is necessary in regard to interfac rugby.

As all who were interested know, the inclemency of the weather did not permit the league to be finished as scheduled. At the time, however, when playing ceased for the season all teams entered in the league were still in the running for the championship.

In spite of the fact that certain teams were in the lead, there was not sufficient superiority in standing to make it impossible for even the tail-enders to become champions.

I trust that these words will explain the situation, and the reason that there are no interfac rugby champions this year.

Yours truly,
R. M. PUTNAM,
Manager Interfac Rugby.

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NOTICE TO ALL SWIMMERS

There will be no swimming at the Y.W.C.A. pool on Wednesday, Dec. 21, the last evening for swimming being Dec. 14.

The club will resume its activities Wednesday, Jan. 4, 1933.

All swimmers and divers desirous of trying out for the swimming team which will travel to Saskatchewan in February, should turn out regularly during the new year. A training period will be open to all those wishing to turn out for the team. Coach Jim Crockett will be on hand to coach and train all swimmers and divers interested.

Let's get busy, swimmers, and turn out a championship team this year, that will be the finest in the history of the club.

Assiniboia Hall,
University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Dec. 14.

Sports Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—As one who has taken an active interest in hockey, I have with considerable surprise noticed the numerous slams and slurs cast by you at our senior hockey team, and I feel that for your benefit, Mr. Editor, there are a few points that might be cleared up.

You complain of a poor hockey team, but what have you in your official position as Sports Editor ever done to help it? In the first place, you publish an article—the truth of which you never trouble to verify by asking those who perhaps had more accurate information than yourself—to the effect that Varsity would probably drop from the senior league. That, Mr. Editor, was not very good publicity for the senior hockey team at least.

You also, I believe, Mr. Editor, offered the suggestion—no doubt it was your own—that as a substitute for the senior team, we enter the intermediate league, where we would stand a better chance of success. Now, that was a good suggestion indeed, but there are one or two drawbacks which are not so good. In the first place, the intermediate league last year had a deficit of some twelve dollars per team on the operating expenses of the league alone—and I may say that if it had not been for much hard work ably done by Bill Harris, director of the league, the deficit would have been much larger. Secondly, there were our own expenses for sticks, equipment, etc., which needless to say did not add to the credit side of the ledger.

As far as the intermediate league is concerned this year, it may interest you to know that it has been found necessary to withdraw the intermediate team because there is little chance of an intermediate league being formed here. (I would hesitate to estimate intermediate gate receipts this year.) We could hardly join up

Exciting Interfac Hockey Games Saturday Afternoon

MEDS OUTCLASSED BY ENGINEERS TO TUNE OF 3-0 SCORE —ARTS FIND AGS HARD TO DOWN IN 2-1 BATTLE

The Meds were sadly outclassed by the Engineers last Saturday afternoon in an interfaculty hockey game, which the Engineers won by a score of 3-0. The Engineers were very much superior in every department of the game, and although the future medicine men tried hard at all times, they could not penetrate the defence which the Engineers put up.

with Red Deer or other out-of-town places to play intermediate hockey.

Finally, in regard to the team, I think that the score of 3-2 against the Imperials last night indicates that your severe criticism of the team in the last issue of The Gateway was hardly justified. It is true that Al Hall and Guy Kinnear are shining lights on the team. But this does not mean that the other players are as weak as you suggest. Hall and Kinnear would show up to advantage on any team. But the other players certainly deserve considerable credit also. They show more spirit than the numerous students who would not even turn out to their own rink to see what was a very good game of hockey.

If we are to have a successful hockey team, we would only ask that the students give us a reasonable amount of support, and that you—if you have no reasonable criticism to offer—at least confine your Sporting Slants to small print in publishing the same.

Yours truly,

President Men's Hockey,
H. W. FISH.

Mr. Fish's letter, printed above, would seem to give the impression that we are deliberately panning the senior hockey team. If that is the idea that our sport editorials convey, then we can only apologize for our inability to convey our ideas into print. Throughout the year we have consistently given credit to the senior team for being a hard-fighting outfit. Unfortunately, we are unable to say honestly that in our opinion the team is of senior league calibre.

We are sorry that Mr. Fish takes the attitude that he does in the matter, and we do suggest that the panning that Mr. Fish gives us in his very emphatic letter is much worse than anything that we have written about the senior hockey team.

In order to set Mr. Fish's mind at rest regarding our articles in large print we submit that the majority of the student body do not take our views as seriously as Mr. Fish seems to.

REG. MOIR,
Sports Editor.

Early in the first period Parks, mainstay of the Engineers' defence, put his team in the lead with a beautiful shot from outside the defence, which gave Hall, in the Meds' goal, no chance whatever. In the second period Lewis scored the Science's second goal on a shot which was deflected into the goal by one of the Meds defence players. Parks added his second goal of the game, and the third goal for the Engineers in the third period.

The game was fast from beginning to end. For the Sci squad Prevey, in goal, and Parks and Robertson were outstanding. Hall, in goal for the Meds, played a nice game, and Givens tried hard all the time.

Arts vs. Ags

In a very fast and well contested interfaculty game last Saturday, the Arts managed to eke out a 2-1 victory over the Ags. It was a game between two well balanced teams, neither team having an edge in the play.

Less than one minute after the beginning of the first period, G. Thompson put the Ags in the lead, when he split the defence wide open and then easily beat Blair in goal. Half-way through the second period Boral took a pass from Shipley and tied the score up. In the third period Fraser contributed the second goal for the Arts, when he took a pass from Boral and gave Campbell in goal no chance to save. For the balance of the game the Ags tried hard to even up the score and kept the Arts bottled up in their own blue line.

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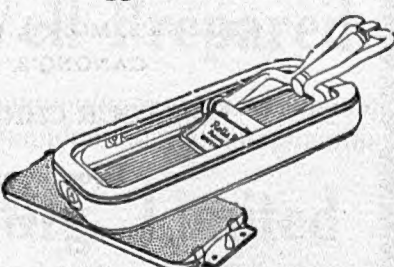
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Fireman Save My Child

It's not everyone who is sufficiently convincing to be able to take command of the local fire ladders and make them like it. The impossible became a reality when Ed McCormick became "our hero" during the warm spell at the expense of St. Joseph's College Monday.

Seated high up in the driver's seat of the ladder truck was the noble Ed, telling the pilot exactly where to go and why he was to go there and no place else. The driver did not take Ed very seriously at first, but, after he had become "boggled" in the most surrounding college, he thought that perhaps he was not quite so dumb as first impressions might indicate. When the firemen were fiddling while the college burned, Noble Edward realized the seriousness of the situation and cried, "To the ladders, boys." The boys also did some realizing, and realized that they had a born leader in their

midst, and they lent a shoulder to the ladder. Perhaps the most disappointed witness of the tragedy was John Givens, inmate at St. Joe's, who, when told that the plums so popular at breakfast time had been removed from the raging inferno, broke down and confessed that he didn't really like plums much anyhow.

LEST WE FORGET

There are stories told that can't be passed along, and then again there are parlor jokes that can stand the test of time. Here is one on Chuck Perkins, head scrivener in the news department of The Gateway.

"Have you got your big story about the fire?" asked the junior scrivener.

"Ah, what fire?" asked Chuck between his Tuesday morning yawns.

Chuck Perkins



His Bed

CANDID COMMENT

By Ichabod

Atabaska dining-room may be able to withstand the onslaught of four hundred and fifty prancing, dancing people, but we are sure that we cannot do the same. As usual the Prom was a miniature stampede. More and more is it forced upon us that the attendance limit should be cut down at our formal dances, although we must say that the balloons that littered the floor were a boon to line-plunging couples, enabling them to get a good foothold before starting on their wild dash to the opposite corner of the hall. I was very favorably impressed with the lunch. Without a doubt it was the best one that has been served at a formal dance here (I'll bet that extra 25c went to pay for it). The decorations were, I am afraid, of the wrong color. One of the chief attractions that the formal dances hold for me are the pretty damsels that I may look upon. That ghastly blue light materially detracted from their beauty, much to my despair.

Someone has had the foresight (or should we say afterthought?) to spike the valve of the dear old water fountain, thus enabling us to quaff cool, clear liquid instead of warm, tepid boiler wash. The utility of the said fountain has been increased incredibly, and we are pleased to see that our property department is so keenly aware of its equipment inefficiency.

I was very painfully reminded last Saturday afternoon that some of our supposedly sophisticated Sophomore and Junior fellow-students have not as yet outgrown the adolescent stage. The scene of their rather childish actions was a street car bound for downtown. All the way over they amused themselves by attempting to render "My Girl She is a Queen" on

the signal cord of the car. People on the car were aware that these hoodlums were university students, and I hesitate to think what they thought of that sample of young manhood whom they are helping to educate.

I deeply resent the inference made in last week's Sporting Slants to the effect that the rugby team received indifferent coaching. I would like to know where the Sports Editor got his information. As a member of this year's rugby team, I am in a position to speak authoritatively. Let me be known to everyone that the coaching the rugby team received from Dr. Ken Thomson was of the highest order. Ken knew his rugby, knew his men, and knew how to handle them. The unsuccessful season put in by the team does not reflect on his coaching in the least. A tough schedule, insufficient training time, a green and inexperienced team, and the lack of a scoring punch in the backfield were the causes of the poor showing made. Just try and get one member of the team to agree that they received indifferent coaching, Mr. Sports Editor.

I hear that the Council is going to consider the granting of an extension of points to certain individuals. They would do well to refuse any extension of points whatsoever. The Point System Act, as it now operates, was instituted for the purpose of guarding against students taking on too much extra-curricular work. The act is a very fine one, but has not done its work efficiently because of the fact that the Council has never rigidly enforced it. And it is up to them to do so. Students, who in their first years at the University express a willingness to occupy Union and other student positions, are practically forced to take over more positions as they go along. This is because there is a very evident lack of interest in student government. If a senior student holds positions that total more than 60 points (how many people know what that means?) that student cannot possibly execute those positions properly and still keep up with his or her studies. In such a case the studies suffer, and it is up to the Council to protect them from this, both in the interest of efficient student government and efficient studying.

It is unpleasant at times to have to reconcile ourselves to the fact that, after all, the University is an institution for the promotion of learning, rather than for the producing of athletic teams of high calibre. This is forced home on us more this year as the senior men's hockey team has been sadly crippled by the loss of five men who have been unable to keep up with their studies. This is very unfortunate in so far as our hockey team is concerned, but we must realize that it is quite the thing to do. A poor student, if he is allowed to play hockey and is just under no restrictions by the faculty, will continue to devote much time to the sport, and as a result his studies continue to suffer, and a year of work is lost. The faculty ruling regarding eligibility, when enforced, impresses upon the athletes the need of an adequate scholastic standing, and should cause him to lend greater efforts towards achieving that standing so that he may play in future.

A DIALOGUE

STUDENT: Good gracious, Madam, you surprise me. I thought that you consisted of two buildings, seven brick boxes, an expensive farm, a prize-winning cross-bred steer, a complete office-staff, eighteen hundred students, and a few incidental oddments such as messenger-boys, lab-assistants and university professors. But here you are in the flesh!

ALMA MATER: Don't be facetious, young man. If Santa Claus, who is the spirit of giving, can come down the chimney at Christmas time, why shouldn't I, who am the spirit of the university, materialize when I feel like it? I grant you the prize-winning cross-bred steer. That, of course, was the capstone of the university arch, the achievement which our institution of higher learning had been working toward for twenty-five years. At last (she brushes her hand across her face with a slightly puffed air), I inferred so from the size of the headlines in the newspapers (*Pushes herself together*). But never mind about that. It's your surprise that amuses me. You treat me as if I were a shell, a physical, a material hulk. Hasn't it ever occurred to you that I might be something more than that? That I might have an *essence*, a *meaning*?

STUDENT: Well, I do remember having heard something like that. But what does your meaning *mean*? There's Initiation, for example. They say that's dead. But when I was a Freshman, and also while I was a Sophomore, I was convinced that that was what University life really meant. You see, here are all these friendless beings coming in for the first time. It's obviously the business of the University to make them understand this new life which they are entering. When we became Sophomores, our duty was clear. By pulling their trousers up to their knees, and tying yellow ribbons around their calves, and shaving spots on their heads, and parading them in lock-step around the campus, and tossing them in blankets, and ravaging their rooms, we taught them—er, that is to say, we taught them (*hesitates and is lost*).

ALMA MATER (*Impatiently*): Well, what did you teach them. Self-respect? The sense of human dignity and of the inviolability of the person, which is the foundation of spiritual growth?

STUDENT: Now, now, Alma Mater, you are being nasty. Not that, of course. You pester me so, I can't remember just *what* it was we taught them; but at the time we were all perfectly sure we were teaching them *something*. Anyway, wasn't it officially known as "Initiation"? Doesn't "Initiation" mean getting beginners properly started? Now, honestly, Alma Mater, what was wrong with it?

ALMA MATER: Nothing, young man, absolutely nothing. Your description of it is so enchanting that I can't imagine why my children ever did away with it. But I confess that I used to wonder sometimes, as I brooded over the campus, just what the monkey-business really initiated them into. If the Freshmen were planning to dress ridiculously and act ridiculously for four years, and if they were looking forward to courses which would teach them how to make fools of themselves and others, then surely no better form of initiation could have been devised. But if they weren't, it has occurred to me that there was a bit of a hiatus between initiation and what it initiated.

STUDENT: Oh well, never mind. It's dead now. At least, they say it is. I wonder. Don't you think there's a chance that it will survive—it, or something like it?

ALMA MATER: Maybe. But why, necessarily, "something like it"? After all, as you yourself said just now, Initiation *does* mean getting beginners properly started in something, and that something *would* seem to be the kind of life which they are going to lead for the next four years. You ask me what my "meaning" really means? Well, it's a little hard to put it into words—and when one does, the words seem so trite, and in a way so self-evident. But now that you've asked me, I'll have a try at it. It isn't primarily getting the information which is haled out to you by the professors. You know, and they know, that the mere ability to hold that till examination, and write it down clearly, isn't really my "meaning". If the professor is worth anything, he'll not only give you information, but also excite your mind about it, stimulate you to think about it for yourself. If the professor is worth anything, he'll be so wrapped up in his subject that he will feel, and may even for the moment make you feel, that his subject is the only one in the whole curriculum that really matters. The corrective for that is that each of the four or five professors whose courses you are taking will think that way. If you are a second rate mind, you'll simply remain bewildered. You will go on docilely absorbing facts and writing examinations till you get your degree. And I, your Alma Mater, will be as devoid of *meaning* to you when you graduate, as I was when you entered. But if you are worth something, you'll be forced to decide yourself among these pressures. Gradually you will come to feel *what* it is you really care for. *What* it is you really want to live with. The choice, the act of decision, will be the first step in your real education; and in the going on with it, not as a lesson, but because of the driving force within you, you will come to know what my "meaning" means. And in this process of being forced to think for yourself, you will be strengthening your mental sinews, as an athlete strengthens and hardens his muscles for a race, for the decisions which you will have to make and the vicissitudes which you will have to face, when you have finished at the university and begun to fend for yourself.

Meanwhile, to get back to your question, I hope that initiation *will* be revived—not this silly monkey-business which you are all getting old enough now to see the silliness of, but some ceremony, fine and significant. What that ceremony will be, I don't pretend to know. This university life is a microcosm of the larger world in which you will play your part. Show your mettle now by thinking out what initiation ought to be.

And while you thinking it out, why not try a little experiment—just something to go on, in the interval? The professors are doing what they can to cultivate your minds, but they can't—or don't—do very much to cultivate your manner. But the Sophomores—why shouldn't they, by way of initiation, do something for the manners of the Freshmen?

STUDENT: Hold on, Alma Mater. If you think for a moment that the Sophomores are going to be prizes, and preach nice little sermons to the Freshmen, you've got another thing coming. What do you take us for anyway?

ALMA MATER: Prizes! Prizes! Who said you had to be prizes? Incidentally, young man, your own mode of speech would bear a little improving. But you don't get my point. Why the very word "Sophomore" is compounded of two Greek words, one of which means *rise* (What the other part of the compound means need not be dwelt upon at the moment). The Sophomores are older and wiser than they will be as Juniors or Seniors, or indeed than they ever will be again. They are just at the right age to assert their authority, to want to take somebody in tow. Also, they were themselves Freshmen but yesterday, and like a convalescent from the flu, are elated at just having got over it. The Freshmen are their natural victims. Instead of beginning by making public gawks of them, why shouldn't the big Sophomores begin by saying to the shivering Freshman: "Now, little fellow, I'm your boss for this year, and I'm going to keep right on bossing till next May. I'm going to see to your manners—at table in Atabaska; on the campus; at dinners; in the classroom. And if there's going to be any blanket-tossing, it won't be now, but when your misconduct is laid before the lordly tribunal of which I am a member."

Almost all Freshmen have bad manners. It's their nature. It's what the theologians mean by natural depravity. They chew gum. They say "Oh, yeah". They eat uncleanly. They walk side by side, too busily talking to realize that they are shoving whoever they meet off the narrow sidewalks. They loll and yawn in the classroom. The Freshettes cluster at the door of the Wauneta room, and scream shrilly to one another. Manners? Will the Sophomores have their hands full? Won't they, just? But I tell you, young man (*Alma Mater looks at Student with a quizzical eye*)—having the Freshmen's manners on their consciences won't do the Sophomores' manners any harm.

NOTE BY THE EAVESDROPPER

STUDENT broke in at this point with the indignant protest that the Freshettes didn't scream to one another. He knew a Freshette himself, and she was absolutely—The argument promised to go on indefinitely; but the Eavesdropper suddenly remembered that the "Feature Editor" of The Gateway had asked him for only fifteen hundred words—and left them at it.

E. K. B.

NEW AWARD SYSTEM PROPOSED BY WOMEN IS TOO ELASTIC

Executive Retains Final Authority in Awarding Letters

In last week's issue will be found the new athletic awards system proposed by the Women's Athletic Association executive. While the girls are to be congratulated in attempting to better the inefficient method of making awards that exists at the present time, they seem to have suggested a new system that is likely to be abused as much as the old one.

It will be noticed that in each case, major, minor and service, there is no hard and fast rule for making the award. After making a list of the requirements for winning an award, the executive carefully tacked on a clause in each instance whereby it may decide at its discretion to withhold the award if it sees fit.

We suggest that it would be fairer to the girls who compete on the teams

if the requirements for awards were tabulated, and, if the requirements were met with, the award were given regardless of the feelings of the executives on the matter.

So long as the executive holds the power to withhold any award at its discretion, then the framing of a complicated set of rules to govern athletic awards is largely a waste of time.

OBITUARY

And so great and near great must pass far into the great beyond.

Every year The Gateway extend best wishes for a happy and prosperous Xmas and New Year to all its readers, and hope that they will turn to the institution with fresh vim and vigor and vitality to commence the winter term. Unfortunately, there are some who do not take their university courses seriously enough, and, at a special sitting of pre-Convocation, they are awarded their B.A.C. (Bounced at Christmas) degree.

Of course, this doesn't mean you.

SKIING

YN YE OLDENE DAYS

Ye nighte before:
Gadzooke, suche a flurrie of fall-ynge snowe! Suche an armeye of scurryinge and flurryinge flakese, descendinge upone ye olde towne. U y the mystfule glancese at myne trutie skiis awaytynge ye promyse thate ye morrowe brynges and hie myselfe to bede, for muche snowe bryngthe splendide skyinge.

Ye follownge daye:
Glorouse to beholde, the sun shynethe; howe fayre and bryghte ye snowe doth gylstene! Ye whyte worlde becomese invytynge. I muste mounte myne skiis and awaile, bute not alone must I theyre pleasures enioie. I hie me to ye speakynge toxe and dyale dyvenes of myne sportynge fryendes to envyle them to goe skijorynge behynde myne Fayther's petrol carryage. Theye arryve; sweatede and glove, ande readie forye jollye tyme.

Yet petrol carryage roarynge yn readynesse ande manie ropes havynge bene tyde behynde, yn a flurrie of snowe ande merrymente. We speede up; ande downe ye cuntrye-syde, laughynge, yellynge ande tumblynge yn ye snowe. Manie tymes ye dames sylde ande spylle, pylynge yn ye snowe. Thene exclaymynge loudlie (scrapynge ye large quantyttese of snowe frome downe ye necke) ye dames hastene aftere ye dysappearynge petrol-wagone. Eache tyme ye petrol-carryage stoppe the wythe screechynge noysese awaytynge ye arryvale of ye dames.

Away we goe agayne, wythe whyrl-ynge snowe, wythe laughtere ande jollytie alonge ye cryspe whyte

trayle. Ye wynde dothe stynge myne cheekes, ye rope doth strayne myne armes, vorilly thesse ys prymely sporte. Crashe! I be jerkede frome myne feete, throwne tumblynge ande twystynge ynto a snowe dryfte ande barbe-wyre fence. Slowlie ande byndlie I aryse shakynge ande wyppynge ye snowe frome myne erst-while rosie cheekes.

Methynkes ye snowe hathe givene me a ryghte colde receptyone. Suddenlie I feece a byttere draughte (as ye French woulde saye—a derriere). Woe ys me, ye fene-hathe claymede a portyone of myne breeches ande I be exposede to ye icye blaste. Horrore descendethe upon me. Ye petrol-carryage be peedynghe fare awaye.

Shyverynge, I hastene aftere, awaytynge, ye kyndlie sheltere of ye fronte seate. No more ye pryncely feelynge. Wythe humylyatone over takynge me, I awayte ye returne of ye petrol-wagone. Ye erstwhile shynynge snowe be no longere vnytynge, and I must contrive to conceale myne shame.

It arryves. Wythe mochynghe shouts myne fryendes rydcule myne pedycamente. I creepe to hydynge beneath a robe. I skii no more. Note contente thate I remaine undysturbide, I contynue to be ye butte of thyre foolyshe jyberynge. False knaves! All ye waye to ye house theye keepe upe theyre tauntynge, chyldyshe jokynge.

At laste myne Father's petrol-wagone ys at ye doore. Ye taylore cane menle myne torne breeches, bute not myne tatterede pryde. Thysse beyng enoughe exctymente for one tyme, I enioie ye seclusyone of myne home. Thus endethe thysse daye.

HERE AND THERE

The Joys of Skijoring.

Ten miles from town, zero weather and stuck in a snowdrift three feet deep—the engine boiling—no chains and only two gallons of gas. The situation appealed to my somewhat dubious artistic taste. Here was the perfect setting for a first-class comedy. The two-by-two shovel we carried for such emergencies could dig twenty feet of snow an hour—10 miles—5280 by 10, 52,800 feet—2640 hours, provided that we dug our way all the way to town, and in such cases it always is necessary to be coolly optimistic. True to my Walter Raleigh instincts, I let the other gentleman—for he was a gentleman—do the shovelling. Then when we were ready to try and start again, with all due courtesy I suggested that I would drive while the aforementioned gentleman and the two lady friends did the pushing. They complacently agreed, especially the lady friends. We fussed and fumed and boiled (me and the car) for about half-an-hour, and then decided to think. Finally we decided to go to the first farm house and get a shovel that was a shovel.

Twenty minutes later the shovel had arrived, and again we started in. The engine roared, the girls pushed, and the car forged ahead 3½ millimeters. The farmer, who was a bachelor, came out by this time, and suggested that he would help if I would let the best girl push, the other one drive, and as for me he insisted that I push likewise also. This was done, and we managed to get out of snowdrift number one. When we got up to his house, which was on a hill, he let us fill the radiator with water (it goes good with anti-freeze), and wished us the best of luck, also telling us gentlemen that we should know better than try to entertain our lady friends by running into snowdrifts. We started off at thirty miles an hour, and had sweet visions of being in town by 7:30 p.m.—it being 7:15 at the time. We went half a mile, and hit what looked like a snowdrift 6 ft. deep; actually it was 4 feet 6 inches deep, but two blocks long. We started back to our farmer friend, and he seemed glad to see us. He was about the most decent man I have ever met. He got his horse this time, and we started again for the car. The horse and our shovel—still two-by-two—couldn't budge the car, even with a lady driver. He told us to go to the next farm and get one team, one farmer and one shovel. We could only get the farmer and the shovel. We dug, and dug and dug some more ("we"

meaning the two farmers and the gentleman friend). Again we tried to go and advanced 4 millimeters. Another half-hour and we had advanced another foot. The horse lurched forward with enthusiastic zeal, as a good horse should do, and succeeded in breaking the traces. As harness is rather heavy, the farmers decided to take the horse to the new harness rather than the harness to the old horse. This only took another half-hour, and by this time we (this time my friend and I), had dug some more. Again we tried, and advanced 30 feet. Thirty feet more and we would be nearly through. With one last effort we put all we had behind the car and pushed. The old crate just crept through, and the job was done. The horse in his astonishment sat on the radiator, and with a self-satisfied air turned around and gave us a half-cynical, half-appreciative whinny, with all the inference of "I done it." Tired but happy, we made a quick trip to town. The joys of skijoring are many and diverse, provided that the driver of the car has any sense, which our driver lacked, and provided one keeps on the fine highways of our glorious province.

FRANCIS MARIOTTE.

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"THE SHOP OF CHARMING XMAS GIFTS"

A WORD FOR TORONTO

Poor Toronto has suffered so much at the hands of critics that it behooves a mere Westerner to come to its rescue. There has been a deal of truth in many of the criticisms, but when we realize what might be said in dispraise of our own city, we should be extremely humble. Would it not be more discreet and perhaps more enlightening to find the interesting and delightful things in and around a city?

The great fault we found with Toronto was that there was too much to see and to do in the eight months we were privileged to be there. Almost every week, Massey Hall offered a musical event of the very best—we must confess that more of our time was spent there than should have been. The theatres and Hart House productions were other drawing cards. The Art Gallery, the Museum, and the fascinating shops were always there to be visited. Besides the great departmental stores which come to our minds first, there are myriads of specialty shops dealing in art treasures, antiques, rugs, and every known commodity. We even

found, one day in our travels, a shop devoted exclusively to shelves of all sizes and varieties.

We have nothing but the greatest respect for a city whose authorities will have a curve put in a sidewalk in order to avoid cutting down a fine old oak tree. Examples of this may be found in many places throughout the city. It is a feature we might very well take to heart in a country where trees—all too scarce—are ruthlessly destroyed to make way for something man-made. And we call this progress! Great care is taken, too, of diseased and injured trees, both by individuals and by the city. Around the University campus, each tree is placarded with its ordinary and botanical names—in themselves, quite a useful study.

One of the most interesting spots in the vicinity of the University is the Central Reference Library. There are no books in circulation, but people go there, find the reference they are looking for, make notes (in pencil—ink is not allowed!), and go away again. The tables are always filled with the queerest assortment of human beings, and we didn't once fail to find the book we wanted—truly a remarkable library!

The University of Toronto is composed of several colleges and faculties—altogether about seventy-five hundred students, many of them from distant parts of the world. University College is the only undenominational college—with the result that it is, perhaps, the most cosmopolitan. To take lectures in University College is an education in itself. Through

good, and that life is real. And that's the genius of the man. "What rural toiler with his hives but itches to dwell in adamantine chains?" he wrote in his great epic. "Eja, mater, esuriturus sum," he is quoted as saying when scarcely three. It all shows that remarkable power of concentration and absorption which was remarkable, and that marvellous technique and symmetry in expression which was really marvellous. And his utterly wonderful condensation and impact of thought which was just too utter.

In short, Milton, besides, for he was, though not recognized as such for a time after his unfortunate demise, being a great poet, was as well a great man. Though he may not have been great during some of the early years of his life, he was at any rate during all his life—well, a man.

You see, you can't gauge the man with the yardstick of finality by drawing a red herring across his path. After all, it is ultimate values which count: above all, a perspicacious perspective is what is needed for any a priori reductio ad absurdum. If Japan had a pers—had one, she would see that sending in her armies against Chang Tzetziz Boom-bahns and Laolly—I mean, that sending in her armies against all those Chinese generals wasn't going to do any good ultimately. These Chinese may have the right idea, for they are making things uncomfortable for the Japanese in Manchuria by sort of giving them short pricks and then retreating, that is to say, as it were. That's just the thing that counts today. Do things right off the bat, and don't wait until tomorrow for things you can put off yesterday. I always tell any man on the street that is hard up that there's nothing like good, hard work to keep a man's chin up.

You know, I think the world would be a lot better off if people didn't do so much talking, but thought more. And that's why I've been reading this book on the Plastics of English Poetry or something. I've been taken a great deal with this man Milton. I haven't read anything by him yet, but I think this first page telling about him in this book is simply immense. That's the way Milton is, immense. I read somewhere where it said that Tennyson once said of Pope that if . . .

Gold Bugs?

A professor at Michigan University, upon doing research work on the backs of Yukon bears, with the purpose of investigating as to the breed of their parasites, was surprised to find that the bears in bathing in the Yukon streams had accumulated gold dust in their fur.—Queen's Journal.

the famous doorway and inside the vine-clad grey stone building are examples of the finest Gothic wood-carving, scattered around quite recklessly—over the doors and windows, on pillars and stair posts—no two designs alike. Fortunately, our duller lecture was held in a classroom literally filled with such displays of Gothic art. In the Junior Common Room—the men's dining hall in the days before Hart House—are inscribed on the panels around the walls, the names of College student-executives since about 1843. It gives one almost an eerie feeling to think that classes and activities have been carried on in those same rooms for practically a hundred years. There is an atmosphere of calm and tranquility which is rather quieting to a restless Western spirit.

One could go on indefinitely, but it would be much better for you to go and see for yourself. That is the reason for Exchange scholarships. They are a splendid institution, and much credit is due the National Federation of Canadian University Students for promoting the scheme. We who have spent a year at a sister University would urge you to do likewise—you will not regret it.

—A. J. G.

WAY OUT IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST

By C.V.M.

When the wild wind whips round the corner's tops,
And the cold crisp air right smartly nips,

When the warm words freeze on the speaker's lips,
Then they know that they're caught in the winter's grips
Way out in the Great Northwest.

When the blizzards blow with the blinding snow,
And the eye can see the great drifts grow,
And the swiftest streams refuse to flow,
The shivering traveller then may know
That he's out in the Great Northwest.

When the moon glares down, with a chill'd frown
On hill and valley, city, town,
And every step is a crunching sound,
It's sure that the winter's coming round
Way out in the Great Northwest.

Where your breath comes out like a smok-stack spout,
And the air will freeze the swiftest shout,
Right in itself like the swiftest trout
Is caught in the ice e'er it twirls about
Way out in the Great Northwest.

But the ways are free in that great country,
Free from the bonds of society.
All is alive with the harmony,
And that is the life, that's the life for me
Way out in the Great Northwest.

No more will I roam from that star-set dome,
Though the frost may chill to the marrow-bone,
Though the snow may fall and the wind may moan,
Yet I'm going back to my native home
Way out in the Great Northwest.

THE BULL'S EYE

This being the Christmas issue, it behooves even the agnostic columnist to depart from his usual custom of finding fault, and make a determined effort to be pleasant, which is in itself a formidable task, when one is surrounded by those trials and tribulations associated with finals and tests, and the ghastly realization that perhaps one has not done as much work as the occasion demands. In spite of this, however, there seems to be a general elevation in spirits at the thought of nine or ten days of over-eating and unlimited sleep—what more can man desire?

Whatever may be the outcome of Britain's latest note to the United States, there is very little doubt that it acted as an excellent tonic, its object being to show to the U.S.A. just where their present policy is getting them, and to illustrate some fundamentals of elementary economics, of which they seem to be entirely unaware. Judging by the many editorials from leading American newspapers, it is a splendid comment in the way that their nation has as a whole woken up to the fact that the actual paying of the debts is a comparatively minor question—and that subsequent effects may be just as disastrous to themselves as to the debtor nation.

It is interesting to note that the Dramatic Society is looking for a director for their Spring Play. Al-

SEZ ME

By F. P. Mac

This poem was written by a friend of mine. No, he doesn't go to University, here or anywhere; but I require outside assistance if I wish to vitalize this column.

Dream of Youth Awakening
I wept and my tears cleansed me.
I walked and life strangled me.
The wind blew in my face,
The rain fell on my hair—
But I was asleep.

My feet dragged and I fell.
My body sought the brown earth.
A song I heard,
Perhaps of a bird—
But I was asleep.

I felt a hand and it was warm.
I knew sweet lips upon my brow.
I saw youth and I longed.
My spirit cried out; I struggled then,

WAR DEBTS AND REPARATIONS

By T.C.

The people of France were intensely shocked and horrified when in 1871, after the Franco-Prussian war, a reparation of one billion dollars was levied on them. It seemed like a huge and impossible sum, but is only a drop in the ocean when compared with the debts of the Great War.

War debts are being emphasized at present because of the payments which must be made this month and the probable resultant aggravation of the existing economic conditions. The armistice terms required that Germany pay for the damage done by her war machinery to France and Belgium. The amount of remuneration was to be fixed later. In this is found the beginning of war reparations.

German war debts were set by the Reparation Commission of 1920 at an amount equal to thirty-one billion dollars to the Allies and eight hundred million to Belgium. The total of these two forms a sum almost inconceivable to the human mind and as comprehensible as the interstellar spaces.

The defeated nation to the view of the outside world began to pay in earnest, but after a few installments protested and defaulted. Meanwhile an inflation of the mark was progressing which made it of little value and brought about a financial crisis. And so the allies, ostensibly to help Germany but probably to insure their annual reparation income, appointed a commission under Dawes to consider the situation.

It was found that if German stability could be restored, the country could pay six hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year (France today is in doubt as to her ability to pay nineteen millions to the States) with no time limit to the payments. Germany was lent two hundred million by the Allies. A paradoxical situation then followed when the Germans, feeling their inability to pay such fantastic sums, launched on a career of reckless borrowing unparalleled in the history of international finance, which led to the accumulation of a huge private debt.

Germany sank for the second time, and was saved by the Young plan, which set the total liability of the country at nine billions to be paid in fifty-eight installments averaging about four hundred million in the first thirty-seven years and then decreasing. Germany again borrowed a large sum, most of it from the United States.

Despite these statesmanlike efforts, little progress has been made to devise a scheme for Germany's payments. Observers agree that her internal debt had reached such bounds (three billion dollars) that it was impossible for her to meet her obligations. On top of this came our old standby, the depression, with accompanying unemployment, drop in value of stocks and bonds, and internal discord. Political strife waged between the Hitlerites or Fascists and the extreme Socialists also.

The next guardian angel to appear was the Hoover moratorium, which proposed that principal and interest payments be postponed. The sum due that year was to be spread over thirty years with interest at three and a-half per cent.—the States would in the long run make a profit equal to the interest. Again Germany borrowed from Uncle Sam's gold-

en pocket a sum which as far as he was concerned was good money thrown away bad.

It is necessary to distinguish between war debts and reparations, despite the belief of some people that they are one. The main point of interest is the fact that unless war reparations are paid, war debts will not be paid, since the countries receiving the reparations use them to pay their war debts.

The Lausanne agreements decided to cut war reparations by ninety per cent on condition that the countries implicated would all agree. The United States, although she receives little reparation, refused to consent, since it would mean the loss of her debt receipts.

The war debts amounted to some ten billion dollars owed to the States alone, the main creditors being Britain, France and Italy. Great Britain was the creditor of about seven billion to other countries. These debts were for the most part incurred during the war, and the money loaned took the form of actual goods to be used by the borrower in war.

Germany actually borrowed more money than she paid in reparations after the war, with some of it paid her obligations to the Allies, starting a vicious circle which relied on the States for support.

When the depression hit Uncle Sam he had to cut his loans to Germany, and she in turn refused to pay her debts, but the Hoover moratorium saved further trouble.

This month the States mercilessly demand another debt payment, and no doubt are within their rights, for aside from the fact that debts should be paid, it must be remembered that the States have been piteously inveigled out of tremendous sums of money by the participants in the war. She lent money not only during the war, but after the Dawes and Young plans, and the moratorium, aside from the fact that her bankers and financial men lost heavily during the German post-war crash. The States maintain that since they borrowed the money from the taxpayer, that if the debts are cancelled the taxpayer, the American citizen, will lose his money.

On the other hand, Britain states that she will put an embargo on American goods, which also will reflect on the American citizen in a loss of trade, especially with international commerce decreasing enormously every hour.

The latest reports are that Britain will pay and France will likely pay also, but on the condition that a commission be appointed after the payment to reconsider the debts, which means that the debts must be cut down.

All of these cold, hard facts and figures only demonstrate the complexity of the whole affair. It is too huge for most people to bother about and too intricate for most statesmen in the world to solve, so the best thing we can do is look forward to a Merry Christmas and hope that the Happy New Year will usher in a solution.

gated scorn of the lordly Sophomore.

Finally, since it is the Christmas issue, a joke seems to be in order. Heretofore this column has had an unblemished record, and there has been no blot on its escutcheon, but you can blame this departure from normal on the fact that one has to cater at times to the lower element.

For there was the pathetic case of the Scotsman who started out to spend Christmas with some friends, but on careful consideration decided to stay home and save it.

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Essay on Milton of all Things

By B. C. K.

Tennyson once said of Pope that if there was anyone he admired more than Spencer, it was Chaucer. Which not only implies the magnificent genius of Milton's motivation, but it . . . well, anyway, it's very important. Nor must we lose sight for a moment of an intangible—or, rather, an impalpable—nay, an untouchable—possamer filament running through all of the author's works: namely, his naïveté. There's something now, his naïveté. For Milton's naïveté was no ordinary naïveté. It was a naïveté which only reached its height in those years of blindness, when, cut off from the world, he worked out the destiny of man in his great epic. Or was it his grandeur of style that he developed in those years? Naïveté sound much better. Besides, I didn't know what the word meant till I got to the end of his life, anyway. Or was it some other poet.

But the point is, we must not labor it—Milton was a great poet. But he wasn't a great poet. I mean, only. For the stars in their courses had unalterably and inalienably decreed that no mere man should walk this platitude that we call earth without feeling within his sensuous being some hirsute growth—that is, you can't read his "Comb Us" without some realization of this innate hirsute growth—that well, it wells up within every good Englishman, and makes him realize that life is

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NOTICE

The University Musical Club will meet in Athabasca Hall on Sunday, December 18, at 3:30 o'clock. Tea will be served from 3:15 till 3:30.

Mr. Vernon Barford will speak on "The Boy-Chorister and What We May Ask of Him." The boy-choristers of All Saints' Cathedral will sing, assisted by the gentlemen of the choir.

PANTAMORPHIC POETRY

Met

A man

The other day

Said he—

I've been reading

Philosophy.

I find that

I agree

With Aristotle.

Women are something

You

Oughta throttle.

—Manitoban.

A hundred years ago today
A wilderness was here;
A man with powder in his horn
Went forth to hunt a deer.
But times have changed somewhat,
and things
Are on a different plan—
A dear with powder on her nose
Goes forth to hunt a man.
—Argosy Weekly.

VARSITY BALL

The annual Varsity Ball under the auspices of the Calgary Branch of the University of Alberta Alumni Association is being held this year on Wednesday, December 28th, in the Palliser Hotel, Calgary.

All University students and their friends are invited to be present. It is expected that points of the province will be in attendance, and it should be one of the most enjoyable dances of the year.

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(Continued on Page 8)

SEZ ME

(Continued from Page 7)

"Viennese Nights" was one. So was "The Blue Danube." Yes, and "Sunshine Susie" I'm sure would have been almost as enjoyable even if one didn't know a word of English.

And "Zwei Herzen" is, I understand, such a picture. Personally, I think the title song is the best, or the only, waltz since Johann Strauss died; and if the other melodies from the picture anywhere approach it, "Zwei Herzen in Takt" might be in Sanscrit for all I'd care.

I hope that "Two Hearts" proves such a success that Manager Long

will be encouraged to bring some of those other foreign language films that have made similar hits: I'm thinking in particular of those two French films by Rene Clair, "Sous les Toits de Paris" (which also has another delightful title-waltz), and "Le Million". And at present another German picture seems to be having a run in New York, "Madchen in Uniform," if I remember the title correctly. There are quite a few others which we may yet have the good fortune to see after all.

If I can say so without sounding too horribly patronizing, I'd like to say that I liked Mr. Jones' Critique of the Interyear Plays very much. It is my idea of ideal constructive criticism.

But I don't agree with the criticisms of my editor. She sounds for all the world like a prudish school-ma'm.

GATEWAY NOTICE

There will be no further issues of The Gateway until Friday, January 13th. That is to say, there will be no issue the first Friday in January.

THE EDITOR.

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A DISCUSSION OF RUGBY SITUATION

(Continued from Page 4)

Sporting Slants in last week's issue of The Gateway. It is obviously unfair to expect a city team to wait until after University opens to begin its schedule and to then have only one or two home games on which to finance. Yet this is exactly what has been done on more than one occasion. Speaking as an official of the A. R. F. U., I will say that over a number of years I have always found city teams willing to meet Varsity at least half-way. Nor can I agree with the Sports Editor in his condemnation of next season's schedule, a schedule which, by the way, originated with a graduate of this institution who at one time managed our senior team through one of its most successful seasons. If I might be permitted to digress for a moment, I would like to point out that the proposed schedule for 1933 possesses certain features which tend to make it the most satisfactory of any provincial schedule in recent years. It is a balanced schedule, gives Varsity a home game on Thanksgiving day (quite a financial concession), and the fact that points scored rather than games decide the issue, will favor a slow starting team and tend to sustain interest to the very last game irrespective of the outcome of previous games. A careful study of the schedule will reveal the fact that Varsity can lose the first two games played and still win the 1933 provincial championship outright. Getting back to my original point, however, I wish to emphasize that under existing conditions it is very difficult, if not impossible, to arrange an entirely satisfactory schedule in the Provincial Union. Hence our greatest hope must lie in the direction of intercollegiate football.

No discussion of the present status of rugby at this University would be complete without some reference to material and to coaching. During the last ten years not only has registration tripled, but the game has spread to a remarkable extent in the high schools. Time was when it was necessary for the coach to inject into the first game of the season one or

more players who had never before played a game of football and who had been exposed to but a few days of coaching. This is no longer the case for, although it is still necessary to start early, there is now sufficient material for both a senior and a junior team. I may say in passing that I believe the proper development of this same junior team cannot help but raise the standard of senior football. Interfaculty rugby has also helped to develop material, but I question very much if it is as effective as it would be if the proper emphasis were placed upon it. Why not try starting the interfaculty season earlier, provide each team with a competent coach, and above all, spend a little time on teaching fundamentals?

Nothing is further from my intention in this article than a criticism of individual coaches. Nor would I have you believe that any lack of success in recent years has been due to lack of effort on the part of the coach. My criticism is that just the reverse is probably true, and that the coach has attempted to do too much himself. With the large squads now turning out, it is impossible for the coach to give each man the individual attention he is entitled to. Anxious to make a good showing from the very first and knowing that he must put a team on the field within a week or ten days' time, the coach is almost forced to rush over fundamentals of blocking, tackling, passing and kicking in order to get on with the drilling of plays. Might not better results be obtained by dividing the squad into its natural divisions during early season training and selecting from the senior members of the team those most capable of demonstrating fundamentals to each group? In this manner everyone would be kept busy, and in addition to supervising this work the head coach could concentrate on plays. It would also be a distinct advantage to have a similar system in use by both junior and senior teams. Alberta continues year after year to turn out good defensive teams, but offensively they have not played head-up football. No serious criticism can be levelled at the men who have turned out faithfully, practised long hours and have in most cases done their best, but has the student body ever been canvassed properly with a view to uncovering new material?

A short time ago there appeared in these columns an article on rugby by H. L. R. His comments and criticisms appeared to have been well thought out, and I am sorry they did not meet with the anticipated response. To my mind there is no finer game played on the campus than this same rugby. What other game presents the same opportunity for a carefully planned attack, for a display of determination in tight corners, for co-operation and team-spirit, and above all for leadership? True, hockey and basketball are fast and thrilling sports requiring no little skill, but when you are seeking real head-work and team-play look for it in the slower moving games.

A BAD DREAM

(Continued from Page 3)

when the senses are keenly living and awake, and meanwhile the powers of thought lie dead. A dead weight hung upon me. It hung upon my limbs, upon the furniture, the bed; and all things were borne down and depressed, all things save only the smoke and flames of the hot tail belonging to that gibbering monkey which illuminated the scene. Suddenly the flames increased. I couldn't move. The monkey vanished in smoke. I watched it swirl upward towards the roof, but the roof was gone. I'm sure it was because the moon laughed at me through the opening, and the stars fizzed. It was not a nice laugh, but a dull booming laugh, issuing from mighty brazen lungs. Queer. The moon changed to brass. His face enshrouded the genius and the demon of the scene. Oh! the mirth of the moon, his countenance distorted as with the plague, and his eyes staring, in which death had but half extinguished the fire of the pestilence, seem to take such interest in my terror, as the dead may take in the terror of those who are about to die.

The fire burned and I fled, a lifetime, ten times a life-time, but the bed held me. And the fire burned. I ran with uncertain steps, but it was of no use. The fire was still there. Then suddenly all was quiet, people talking in hushed tones. The narrow confines of a box. I was in a box. Why? Then suddenly it burst upon me, out of that awful stillness. I tried to move, to cry out. Oh! Why couldn't they see I wasn't dead? Fearful indeed the suspicion, but more fearful the doom. Buried before death, the awfulness of bodily and mental distress. Suddenly the blackness of the night. Dead silence. Buried alive. The unendurable oppression of the lungs. The stifling fumes of the damp earth. The awful blackness in a sea of silence. The hopeless portion of the really dead. Then with every horror of thought I shook. I tried to shriek; my lips and my tongue moved convulsively together in the attempt, but no sound came from my lungs, which, oppressed as by some mighty mountain, gasped. So far I had not ventured to stir my limbs. But now I violently threw my arms upward. They hit nothing. I shrieked aloud, a yell of agony resounded through the dark. Something seized my shoulder. I sat up, awake, with the sweat pouring from me, awake from the worst dream I've ever had.

MUNN AND MCCONNELL SCORE GOALS TO BEAT OVERTOWNERS

(Continued from Page 1)

in the loop. Hall played with more fire than he has shown in the last few games.

Up on the front line Kinnear and McConnell were the punch in the attack, with McConnell displaying a brand of hockey that will be of plenty of value to the team in future games. The rest of the forwards were skating hard all the time and seldom let the Crescents get away on dangerous rushes. Burgess on the second line at center was in there all the time, and had no hesitation to slide right into the opposing defence when he got in close.

The bright spot of the evening for the Varsity rosters was the performance of young Ralph Maybank in goal. During that furious last period assault Maybank had more work to do than any goalkeeper likes, but he handled everything that came his way with all the care in the world. In front of him the team seems to have a lot of confidence that he can keep his end up.

And incidentally we made a canvass of the Varsity rosters at the rink to see the battle, and here is the roster's lineup.

Varsity—Goal, Maybank; defence, Hall, Munn; forwards, Kinnear, McConnell, Cornett, Boles, McEwen, Burgess, Gordon.
Crescents—Goal, McNab; defence, Brown, Robertson; forwards, McTavish, Walker, Romaniuk, Zuchet, Inkster, Colville, Green.
Referee—Clarence Campbell.

Scoring Summary:
Very few plays in a football game can be executed effectively unless every one of the twelve men on the side does his bit, and does it well. Surely here is a game that is worth keeping, and if ever there was an opportunity for its successful promotion it should be now, when football has spread to nearly every high school, and when nearly every vacant lot has its quota of small boys, with or without a ball, on Saturday mornings. Let us pay more attention to the spectators in the future, and I am sure that any investment made today in this great college game will bear heavy interest in the future.

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SENIORS LOSE BY EYELASH TO IMPERIALS ON TUESDAY

(Continued from Page 4)

distinct Imperial tinge, but Al Hall changed the outlook when he scored on a nice pass from McConnell.

Varsity had a good chance to even the score when the Imperials were two men short, but a disorganized attack ruined their chances.

FRESHMEN, FRESHETTES

Class pictures must be turned in to the Year Book Committee not later than December 22nd. Fresh are urged to pay their class fees immediately in order to have their pictures included in the group.

J. W. HACKNEY,
Sec.-Treas.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from Page 2)

tain right of priority. Might we suggest that it is asking a good deal of even a very gallant gentleman to give up a bus ride for which he has been waiting some five minutes in order that some co-eds who have not waited at all may have their places.

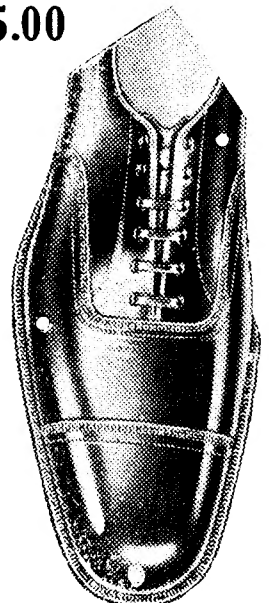
In short, I agree that our bus service might be improved, but why take it out on the men?

Yours truly,

X.Y.P.

First period—No score.
Second period—Varsity, Munn from Boles; Varsity, McConnell from Kinnear.
Third period—No score.

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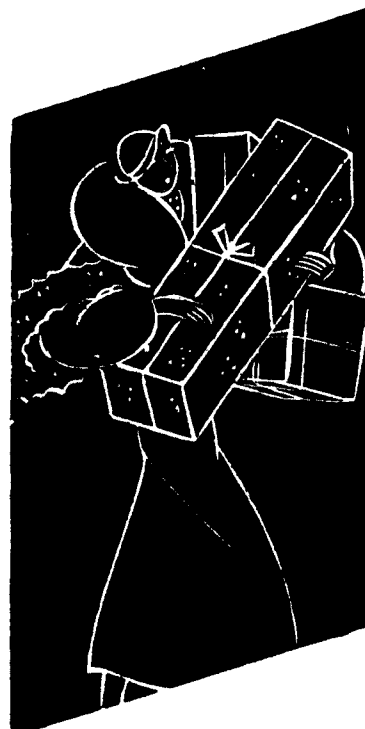
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YOUR

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

at the "BAY"



Woodland Dairy Limited

EXTENDS

to all readers of The Gateway
their heartiest good wishes for

A Merry Christmas



Don't forget

Woodland Ice Cream

"THE SMOOTH DELICIOUS KIND"

TYRRELL STUDIOS

ONE 3 x 4 PHOTO AND ONE 8 x 10

COLORED PHOTO FOR \$5.00